

PREVIEW PAGES



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Pat and Kirby Go To Hell

Robert Kirby & Pat Bagley



Salt Lake City

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Book Three in the Collection of Mormon Humor series with
Sunday of the Living Dead
Wake Me for the Resurrection
Family Home Screaming
Kirby Soup for the Soul

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to anyone in this life who understands that the true first principle of the gospel is fear of the next life

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DROPPING IN ON HELL

Last night, I dreamed that Pat and I went to hell. While it may have been a vision, I'm hoping that it was just the pepperoni and peanut butter pizza. No way do I want to believe that Hell is really that scary.

I've always been led to believe that the bottomless pit was either a lake of fire in which one burned forever, or a cold, cheerless place of dark misery. To our horror, Pat and I soon discovered that it was much worse.

We started at the Judgment Bar which, contrary to popular opinion, isn't run by God but rather a committee of elderly women. This, by the way, is much scarier than being judged by God. At least with God there's a flow of logic that you can follow.

Neither of us had been particularly bad on earth. We certainly hadn't killed anybody. Still, there were those darn sins of omission. Pat routinely forgot to shave and get his haircut while I never really got around to doing 100 percent of my home teaching.

Anyway, the old ladies took one look at Pat's beard and yanked a lever, dropping him through the floor. However, because of my crimes against Mormondom as committed in the Salt Lake Tribune, I was worked over by a couple of large angels and then

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flung out a window.

Getting punched out didn't bother me as much as seeing other people go right into heaven, people I thought for sure would be going to hell: insurance reps, lawyers, realtors, editors and my bishop.

Instead of a lake of fire, Pat and I landed hard in the middle of downtown Delta, Utah. Relieved that it wasn't Barstow, California, we were dusting ourselves off when Satan walked up wearing a Mr. Mac suit and loafers. He carried a briefcase rather than a pitchfork.



"Pat. Kirb." Satan said. "Welcome to Hell. We've been

expecting you. Take a look around and get settled. You start work tomorrow." Before we could ask about work, Satan hurried off to a meeting with Mr. Rogers and Wayne Newton.

The first thing that Pat and I did was tally up all the positive things about Hell. First, there didn't appear to be any cops. Second, our clothes weren't on fire. Third, we saw Hillary Clinton kidney punching Nancy Reagan in front of McDonald's. Best of all, 7-11 had free diet Coke.

"This might be OK," Pat said, looking around.

"No," I replied. "This is very bad."

At that moment I had noticed that everyone in town was driving used Yugos. Worse, every intersection had a stop light. Between the intersections, everyone was running over skunks.

The theaters were operating, all of them showing "Rocky IV." The restaurants were open, but all were run by Weight Watchers. Alarmed, Pat and I borrowed a car and hit 14 skunks driving out to the city limits where we found a sign with arrows pointing in every direction, all of which read: "Delta -- 7 miles."

Depressed, we drove back into town where we eventually found cartoonist Cal Grondahl selling snow skis and Postum in the park. Cal, who was only in Hell on a mandatory thousand year bit, gave us the run down. It turned out that Hell had religious freedom. Sacrament meeting, Mass, and Bible study lasted seven hours every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. On Saturday, there was a rodeo but it consisted only of drunks taking turns riding Rush Limbaugh. Every Sunday, Satan bore witness the entire day as to the truthfulness of "The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People."

It got worse. Pat and I could date in Hell, but only each other. We also had to live with our parents. Television in Hell consisted of just two channels, one showing "Barney," the other O.J. Simpson trial reruns, both with poor horizontal hold. Lawrence Welk rap was the only music allowed.

I woke up when I discovered that my job in hell was writing

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missionary tracts forever. It was slightly better than Pat's job of drawing smiley faces on the top of Steven R. Covey's head.

The dream served its purpose. No way do I want to go to Hell. If church leaders would have simply told me all this stuff in the beginning, I would have been good all along.



BROTHERS IN HARMS

I don't actually have to go to hell to understand that the devil and I are close friends. Although I've never seen him in the flesh, so to speak, about ten times a day Beelzebub hints that life would be much better if I got drunk, drove my pickup across the neighbor's lawn and/or shot a few politicians.

I'd like to be able to say that I never listen to Satan anymore but the truth is that I do. Fortunately, however, I rarely take his advice. Not because Satan doesn't sometimes make wonderful sense, but because I'm a lot less scared of going to hell than I am of getting divorced.

It didn't used to be that way. Satan and I were serious pals

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when I was younger. Along with the usual misleading advice on drugs, sex and rock and roll, Satan also convinced me that I was a liberal, smarter than God and bullet-proof.

I'm older now and have a clearer view of Satan; namely that he's a jerk. I've told him so plenty of times but he still keeps coming around. I used to think it was because I was a wimp. Anymore, I think it's because we're related.

IT'S the WRONG
THING to DO, BUT
WHAT the HECK...



It's true. Like Jesus, Mormons believe that Satan is also our elder brother. It may sound crazy but it could explain a lot. Like the fact that the worst kind of trouble is always family trouble.

Jesus is a nice, responsible elder brother, the sort of elder brother who would take you places, loan you money, and teach you how to drive a stick and throw a slider. Furthermore, Jesus is always there for you.

Not Old Scratch. He's the kind of older brother who, when not giving you swirlies in the toilet or pantsing you in front of the neighbor girl, will talk you into putting the dog in the dryer for twenty minutes with the assurance that, "Mom and Dad will never find out."

Satan is never there for you years later, especially when you've developed some serious anti-social problems and Muttley still swerves to the left and bashes into a wall whenever he goes after the mailman.

As famous as Lucifer is, few people recognize the devil immediately when he shows up. Incidentally, these are usually the same people who think they know what Jesus will look like when he shows up. This confusion probably explains most of Christianity's more boneheaded excesses.

Based on what I've seen at the movies and been taught at church, the devil is supposed to look like a cross between Andy Griffith and Ozzy Osbourne, with maybe a little Richard Chamberlain tossed in for sophistication.

Personally, I think Satan looks exactly like Wilford Brimley. I think this because Wilford, the straight-talking, down-to-earth guy on the Quaker Oats commercial, once talked me into buying Quaker Oats even though I hate hot cereal. But also because I don't like to think I'm stupid enough to let someone who looks like Alice Cooper convince me that setting fire to an orphanage is the best idea I ever had.

Nope, in order for him to be effective, the devil has to look

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like someone you'd trust. In the interest of gender equality, I'd say that's either Wilford Brimley or Aunt Bee, with maybe a little Christian Coalition chief Ralph Reed added for media savoir faire.

On the other hand, Satan could look exactly like the devilishly handsome picture at the top of this column. You never know.

Robert Kirby



COMBAT FATIGUE IN HEAVEN

In a few short years I'll be standing before the Judgment Bar. God is going to expect some answers for the way I've behaved down here. Up until last week, I didn't have any. At least none that sounded good. Heretofore, my best excuse had been a shrug and "just because."

Pretty lame excuse for a lifetime of spiritual and temporal

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crimes. For the last forty or so years, I've been belligerent, stressed, cynical, arrested, testified against (both in church and out) and plagued with indecent thoughts about Michelle Pfeiffer. None of these, incidentally, has been entirely my fault.

I blame it on combat. More specifically, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder suffered long before I was born. Hey, the War in Heaven was tough on some of us.

As you know, God's children fought a war in the pre-existence. It resulted in a 33 1/3 percent casualty rate, including the supreme commander of the opposing force, Satan. It wasn't a pretty sight. I lost a lot of friends, thirty-three and a third to be exact.



Robert Kirby

I served with the elite Alpha & Omega First Division (airborne). For three eons, we went head-to-head with Satan's best: the Eighteenth Corruption Corps, and elements of two Damnation Armored Brigades. I'll never forget it.

For those who survived, our reward for those terrible times was life here on earth. No parade, no praise, just an ignominious birth and an attempt to blot what happened from our minds. God placed a veil on our minds so that we wouldn't remember what happened.

But pain won't be denied. I can't forget Doc, Gunner, Smitty and Lopez who didn't make it. Worse, there's Jake who almost bought it, getting born on earth as a dwarf in order to round out the casualty list to exactly thirty-three and a third.

To this day, I can't understand why I made it. Neither, of course, can my parents, wife, teachers, assorted bishops, and cops. Why did so many good spirits get wasted in Heaven when spirits like me, Timothy Leary, Hitler, Blackbeard, and Hillary Clinton made it through? Was it fate, luck of the draw, or something else?

As with any war, not every soldier in Deseret Storm saw combat. A lot of spirits, judging from their positions here on earth, never saw combat up there. For example, did you know that Donald Trump was a cook during the Great Cast Out Offensive? Brigham Young was a motor pool sergeant. Liz Taylor was a nurse and Elvis was a life guard at the Officer's Club.

But regular people like you and me were front line grunts. We saw it all. It explains our slothfulness and failure to magnify down here. PTSD keeps us from reaching our potential. When we're called to account for our lack of faithfulness, we can show our scars and say we already gave all.

Detractors of this theory say the War in Heaven wasn't really that kind of war, that it was more a big debate over who to follow: Jesus or Satan. What fighting occurred was only fighting in the figurative sense. My response, of course, is to point out the veil

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over our minds. If nobody really remembers, how does anyone really know what happened? I could be right.

I hope. After talking this Judgment Bar defense theory over with Pat, I'm a bit worried. He has this crazy idea that we were both conscientious objectors during the War In Heaven.

LIVING DEATH DOWN

I went to a funeral last week. Nobody I knew. I went out of respect for a close friend whose grandmother had passed away. Bummer. The funeral, not her death. I hate them.

Frankly, when it comes to funerals, I'd rather be the one who's dead. Mainly because I don't think being dead is going to be anything worth getting upset about. It's not like you can change your mind.

Depending on how it happens, dying might be very upsetting before actual death sets in. Especially if said dying takes longer than three seconds and involves cancer, a band saw, a shark or a lot of ants.

I've given death a lot of thought and arrived at the conclusion that I'm pro-dead but very anti-dying. For the record, however, I'm not so anti-dying that I refuse to concede the merits in brain aneurysms, big explosions, or meteorites. I don't care how, just so long as it's fast.

Or so I thought.

At Grandma Wilkerham's funeral, one of the speakers talked about death being a great reunion. Grandma, he said, was happy because she was finally reunited with loved ones who had been waiting for her.

For me, this clinched being dead. I'm looking forward to seeing some of my own friends, most notably Bruce, Mike, JoAnne and Elliot. I'd also like to reacquaint myself with my

maternal grandfather, who everyone says that I'm like.

After welcoming you back, I think friends and loved ones are going to want to know what happened to you down on earth, specifically how things ended for you. Which brings us back to dying.

See, given that there's a reunion in heaven, it's possible that how long it takes you to die isn't as important as the actual how.

My grandfather died of a heart attack. Bruce died of cancer. A passion for big street bikes got Elliot. JoAnne was murdered and Vietnam got Mike. These are all deaths that the recipients can be proud of.



Robert Kirby

What if mine isn't? What if I die, pardon the pun, in a manner that would be tough to live down? I bring this up because I read a news story about six people who drowned in Egypt while trying to rescue a chicken from a well.

Not only that one, but the one about a guy who lived on beans and cabbage and literally gassed himself to death one night while sleeping in an airtight bedroom.

Then there's the one about the Toronto lawyer who fell 24 floors to his death while demonstrating the strength of the glass in his office windows to visitors. Or the Florida man killed traveling 80-mph on Interstate 95 while trying to read a sales manual?

Just imagine your heavenly reunion with loved ones. You're chatting when someone says, "So, Ed, how'd you check out?" After Walt and John just got done talking about their Medal of Honor and valiant fight with Lou Gehrig Disease, are you going to want to tell them about putting that can of pork and beans in the camp fire?

Cancer, brain tumors, drowning, none of that stuff scares me as bad any more. Even being a sinner doesn't scare me as bad as it once did. I've got bigger worries now.

Now that I know there's peer pressure involved in being dead, I just don't want my last earthly thought to be "that @#&! chicken."

**115 more pages of hellish
humor from the two red-suited
quipsters when you buy the
book.**



Robert Kirby was born into a military family. After completing high school he served a two-year mission in Uruguay for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Upon his return he pursued a career in law enforcement with the Springville, Utah police department (1979). While taking night classes at nearby Brigham Young University Kirby began writing columns for the local newspapers, first the Springville Daily Herald, and later the Utah County Journal

(writing under the pen name Officer "Blitz" Kreeg).

In 1989 Kirby decided to leave police work and devote himself to full-time writing. He has written a column for the Salt Lake Tribune since 1994, and has written at least nine books.

Kirby is a popular convention speaker, and travels widely to appear at conventions and meetings. His newspaper columns have won several regional awards.

Kirby presently (2009) lives in Herriman, Utah. He and his wife had three daughters.

Robert Kirby

Pat Bagley has become an authority on the quirky side of Utah, having served 28 years to life as editorial cartoonist for *The Salt Lake Tribune*. He made a splash nationally with the *Clueless George* series, which has over 50,000 copies in print. Pat is the editorial cartoonist for the Salt Lake Tribune. His daily cartoons have been seen in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Los Angeles Times* and over 450 newspapers around the country. He has many books, several of them best-sellers, to his credit which include *I Spy A Nephite*, and the illustrations for *J. Golden Kimball Stories* by James Kimball, as well as numerous works with Robert Kirby. He resides in Salt Lake City.

